

LISTEN

Ignorance is a thief. “Learn” Few are the listeners...

FIRST

Man will fight over the moon as soon as he finds a good reason to do so. Indeed, humans are fiercely territorial. That is what “first” is all about; first to arrive, first to kiss the virgin, first born, and first to get the news. Indeed, first is of utmost importance in human nature. Isn't that why America raced against Russia to reach the moon?

Who owns the moon? Is the moon sovereign territory of the United States of America because an American spaceship landed first? Is Neil Armstrong the “first” Moonite? Will future immigrants to the moon be lesser Moonites than Neil Armstrong? Does

first and duration of time give one immigrant more claim of citizenry or ownership to a territory than those who come after?

If a self-sustaining moon colony could be established and cut off from Earth for 3000 years, once contact was reestablished, would new immigrants from Earth have less claim to the moon than Native Moonites?

Humans are fiercely territorial. That is what “conquest” is all about; erasing all trace of “first!”

DEFEAT

Not recognizing or acknowledging the existence of your enemy is the surest path to defeat.

MIDNIGHT

Near midnight the constitution flickered like a smothering flame in the midst of pompous politicians, who scratched at the sacred words and strutted like cocks

above common folk. In the darkness there was rage boiling from socialist nests of overindulged mobs who squawked for more from the golden goose of capitalism. But the golden goose was dead. Indeed, it was hamstringed by psychological paralysis and the polarization of ambition and entitlement, choked by taxes, strangled by greed, drowned by debt, buried in bureaucracy.

All trust vanished approaching zero hours when angry boots kicked “In God We Trust” and the corpse of American-brand Christianity landed face down on worthless dollars and God departed!

The night turned to blindness, as law and justice became an oxymoron of subjective whims, propaganda and intimidation. There was lawlessness for self appointed elites and a police state of moral blackness for the rest. “Law” was synonymous with shackle, enslavement, impossible demands! “Justice” was a façade for evil, sin, a weapon to crush opposition, manipulation with a pious face—a lie!

A cold vacuum settled in and the enemy from within grew like mushrooms in decay disguised as benevolent government. Then suddenly, without warning, manly hoards appeared like arrows and stripped America the

beautiful bare, then raped her for sport before the kill. In the land of the invincible free; the last cry heard was the roar of a wounded lion amongst the bleating of docile human sheep at the slaughter at midnight.

PERCEPTION

Perception is not reality. Those who say that everyone's reality is different due to differing perceptions are wrong. Perception can be calibrated to align with reality, but it cannot mold reality any more than the breath of a bird can mold a mountain. You can manipulate perception, but you can't manipulate reality. Many a fool has had their false perception ripped to shreds by the jaws of ruthless reality. Perceiving that one can stare into the sun does not change the reality of blindness.

DISCIPLINE

Discipline is a higher virtue than intelligence.

WRONG AND WRONG

Don't judge my bloodstained hands until you've been between wrong and wrong. I was young and alone with my innocence gone when I buried my aborted baby in a match box casket. Now that I'm old, my soul still breaks every time I see a baby smile. So don't sling that stone off your pious tongue.

Go ahead; wag your face because I honored the last request of my comatose mom. Yes, it was I who pulled that octopus of tubes from her mouth. But, by the look in your eyes apparently my wait was not long enough.

Tell me again what a killer I am for those old ghosts from my war days. Have you faced the barrel of an enemy's gun? I didn't think so. Someday between wrong and wrong you'll feel blood on your hands and humbly bow before God and plead to be clean again. Until you've been between wrong and wrong; don't you dare judge my bloodstained hands!

NATURAL LOVE

With you, I'm after a natural, permanent kind of love
That's simple and strong.

Let's plant a tree and work hard to help it grow.
As time passes we'll hang a swing from its branches
And laugh our way through the ups and downs
And spend our time talking in a natural kind of way.
On sunny days, we'll spread a blanket in the shade
And make love to the sway of the breeze
Blowing through the leaves
And whisper secrets of building a tree fort for our children.
They'll grow up and plant trees of their own
And we'll stay in our natural, permanent kind of love.

As the tree grows we'll watch the seasons come and go
And our love will be strong as oak.
When we're old, we'll build two rockers
From the branches of our tree
And spend time rocking and talking
About the blanket in the shade
And the laughter of our children in the tree fort.
We'll slowly rock, watching the empty swing

Swaying in the breeze, blowing through the leaves
And our lives will be over.

As they lay us down by that glorious trunk
One cross carved from the branches will mark our grave
Reminding those we loved
Of a natural, permanent kind of love.

GREEN

Worship “Mother Earth” in holy pantheism; after all she is our alpha and omega. In the name of peace, cease sawing, clawing, drilling, filling, reaching, grabbing—we GREEN declare, “Stop killing Mother!”

Curse and scream, “Hell with the human race.” We GREEN command you by law, “Stop stacking and burning!” Embrace our primitive religion where worm and primal human are equal, where trees talk and ancestor rock listens.

“Mother” is wheezing in the smog. Stop exploding, loading, building meaningless progress. We GREEN officially ban digging, chopping, slashing, rushing, crushing, shopping, tossing, hoarding rotting rubble.

Through meditation and osmosis we have been enlightened to know that “Mother” desires a small GREEN sacrifice—the majority of humanity must prepare for mass suicide. As of now; growing food, building shelter, cooking, chewing, drinking, pro-creating, killing brother mammal or sister reptile, is strictly forbidden.

After most of YOU are gone; we GREEN will rape, enslave, bite, fight, aim, shoot, kill, and birth more greed on OUR “Mother Earth.”

FLAT EARTH

Give me back my flat earth for I am in a bad state of mind.
I had it all figured out and now that familiar place is gone;
I want it back flat, not round turning and spinning.
Give me back my flat earth for I don't want to learn
all over again.
I was wise on a flat planet, now I'm a fool on a sphere.
Give me back my flat earth for I'm in a bad state of
mind.

WINGS OF MY DREAMS

My fate is not soul rape and mediocrity
Imprisoned behind psychological bars
Wondering if the wings of my dreams will hold
When I decide to fly.

It's safer to run like a coward
In the stampede of rushing corpses
Where bullies strangle human spirit
And life withers away.
But my life won't wither away
For I'll awaken a dream
And mount up on wings and fly away.

I'm tired of the lies.
I refuse to believe that I cannot fly.
I'm not afraid of heights
But I'm terrified of living a common life
Tethered to what's not me.

I'm in pursuit of God, family, happiness
And the greatness of my dreams.
As much as I've tried

I cannot cast aside this passion of mine
Or be content in the refuge of compromise.
Something cries out demanding to be free
A restless spirit revealing glimpses of my future
Enticing me out of complacency.

My soul is raw from all the years
Of cutting against the grain
But there's a courage rising up in me
Determined to reach destinations unknown.
Therefore, I'm casting off this sad heart
With all the wasted years and the weight of my past
So I can stay airborne.

Farewell to the naysayers
Who crowded out to watch me fall;
It's too late, for I am in the jet stream
On solid wings, smiling in the altitude.
And from these heights, I see brightness up ahead
And I cannot distinguish if it is the sun or my future
As I fly along on the wings of my dreams.